theirs and can't be touched

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theirs and can't be touched

by inlovewithnight

Summary

What Johnny could have told Kathy and didn't.

- Translation into Русский available: theirs and can't be touched by FrozenPoison

What Johnny could have told Kathy and didn't—

That what he feels for Benny isn't love like hers, it isn't spouse-love it isn't white-heat quick-fuck love it's something deep down in his chest that glows golden like a streetlight guiding you home when you're a kid.

That yes there is desire there is cheap lust but it's secondary it's behind the rest. First he wants to cup Benny's cheek in his hand, wants to run his thumb over Benny's lower lip, wants to lean in close enough to breathe in the scent of sweat and grease caught in his hair.

And he has done that, but always with a pretext, always with the backdoor escape route of a joke or a flash of violence. Because they have fought, him and Benny, more than once. Never to the point of it being real, never where either of them had to take a breath and consider who they'd be after, but shoving each other around, a few punches, Johnny licking blood from his mouth and wishing it was Benny on his tongue.

He doesn't know what Benny felt in those minutes. He doesn't know if Benny feels anything ever, except for the crystalline frozen-instant-in-motion joy of a bike on the road. He's jealous of that, crazy jealous of how Benny can walk around empty and quiet, the echo of road-buzz in his head, nothing in life displacing it until he can have the real thing again.

Johnny would give anything to have that. He doesn't want to take it from Benny—that wouldn't work anyway, it's not a thing you can hold in your hands. He wants Benny to consume him, to pull him into himself until he dissolves in that echo, until there's nothing left that can be called Johnny, nothing but the engine rumble and the ghost of rubber on asphalt.

He doesn't tell Kathy any of that. He doesn't tell her that he's kissed Benny, more than once, when they were both slow and sloppy from beer. Every time Benny gently pushed him away and Johnny went, careful and easy, never arguing, because Benny is not something he wants to take, not something he wants to force. He wants Benny to swallow him up and make him gone.

But Benny don't want that, and never will, because that's not who he is. Not the way he's built.

Johnny wants to tell Kathy that she doesn't have to worry about him

taking her husband away because nobody can take Benny anywhere. She can't, either. Benny's a firefly caught in cupped hands, he's always going to slip between your fingers and drift off in the night.

He doesn't tell her any of that, because it doesn't matter anyway. If she doesn't understand yet, she will, in good time. Benny isn't going to change.

He thinks she'll understand Johnny, then. Everything he didn't tell her. They'll meet eyes, somewhere, for a minute, and he'll know she knows, and neither of them will have to say anything.

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